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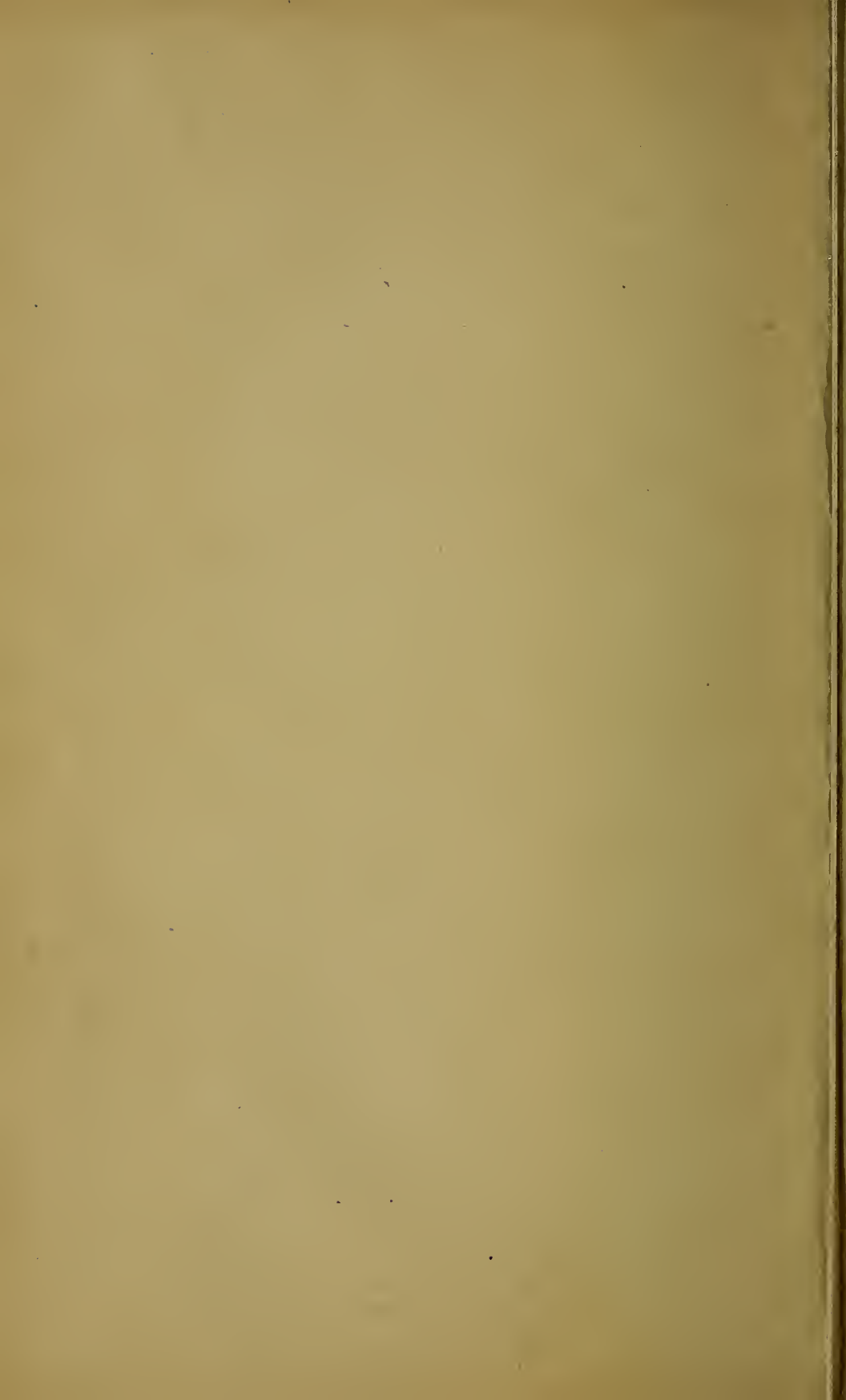
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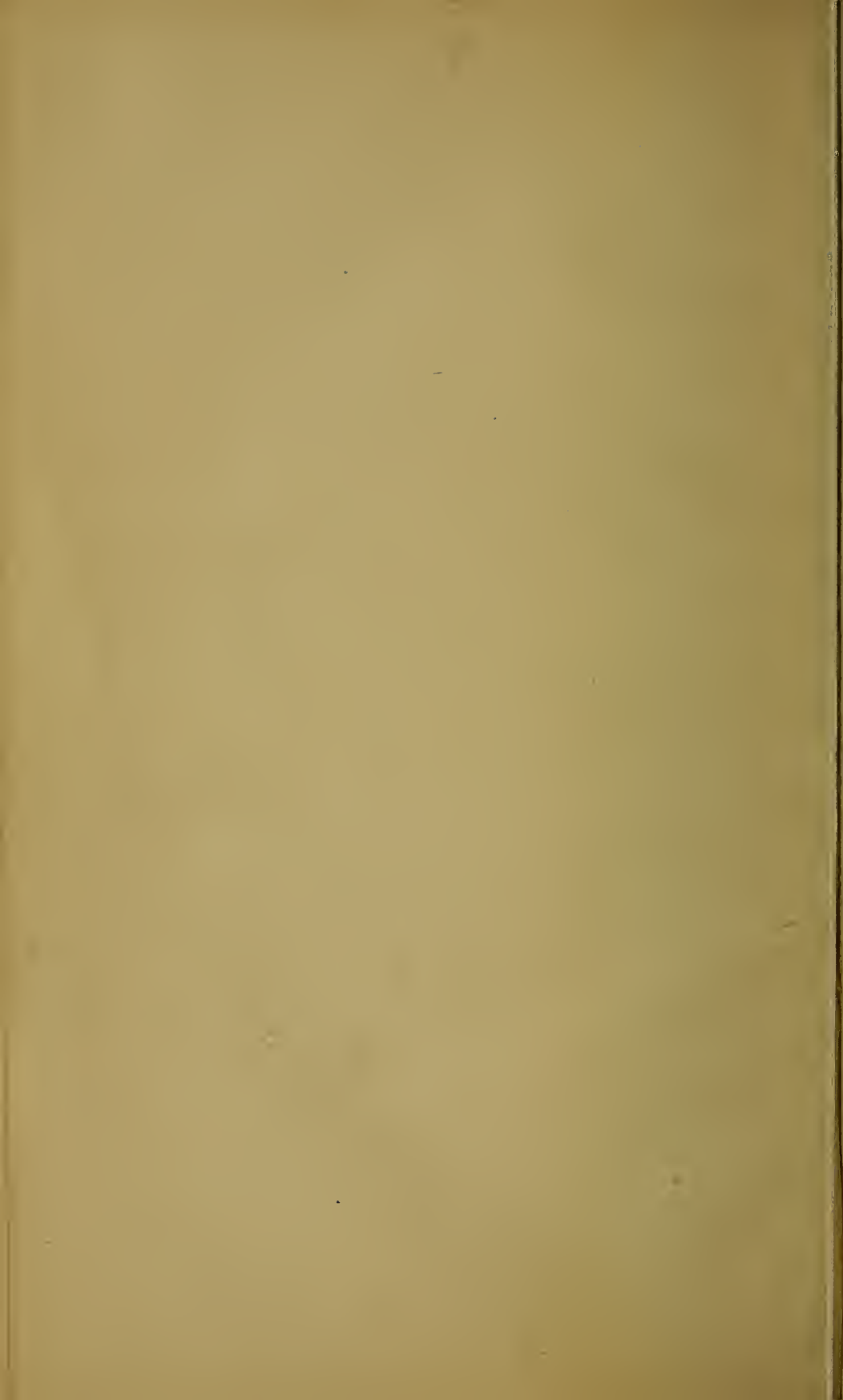
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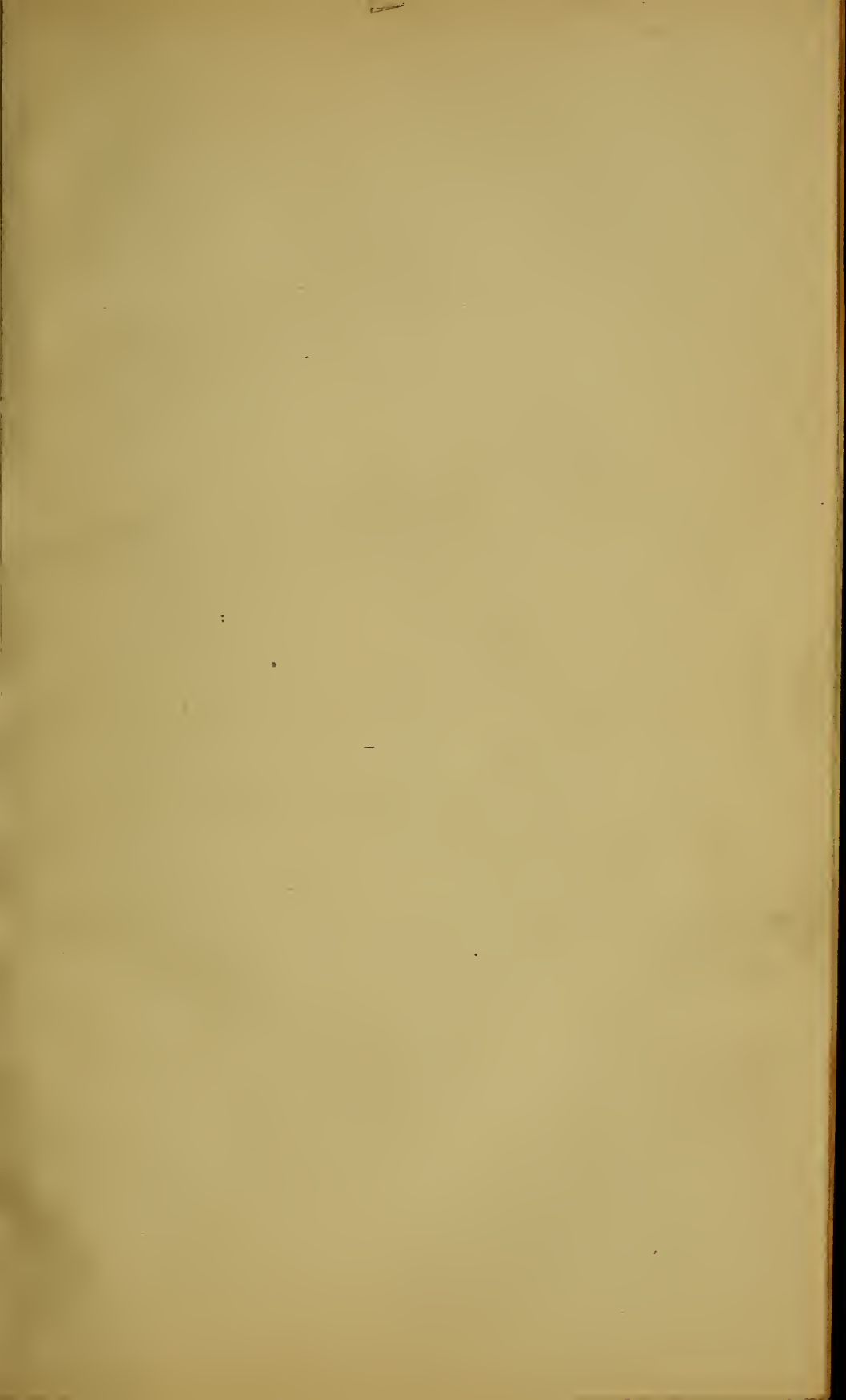
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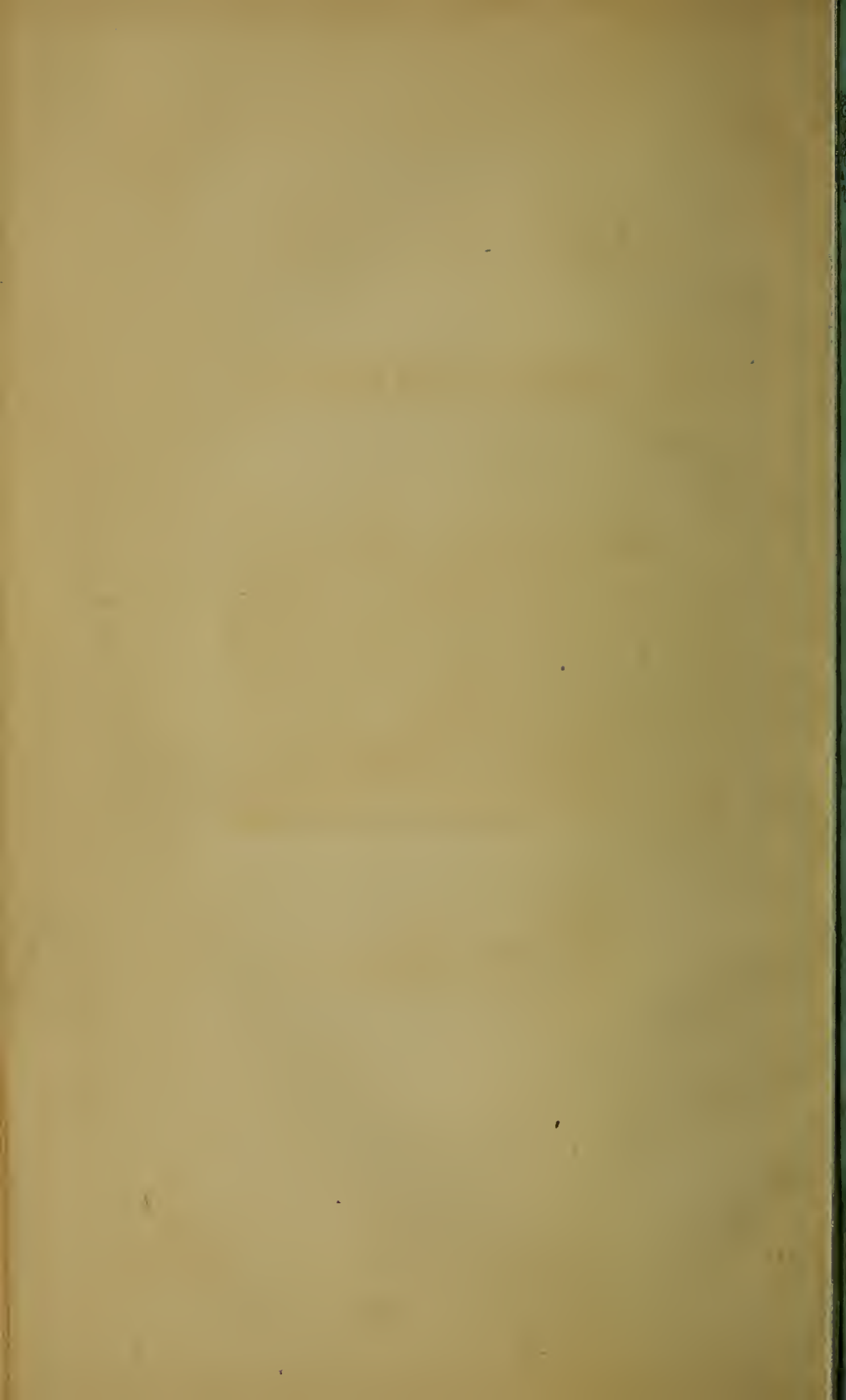












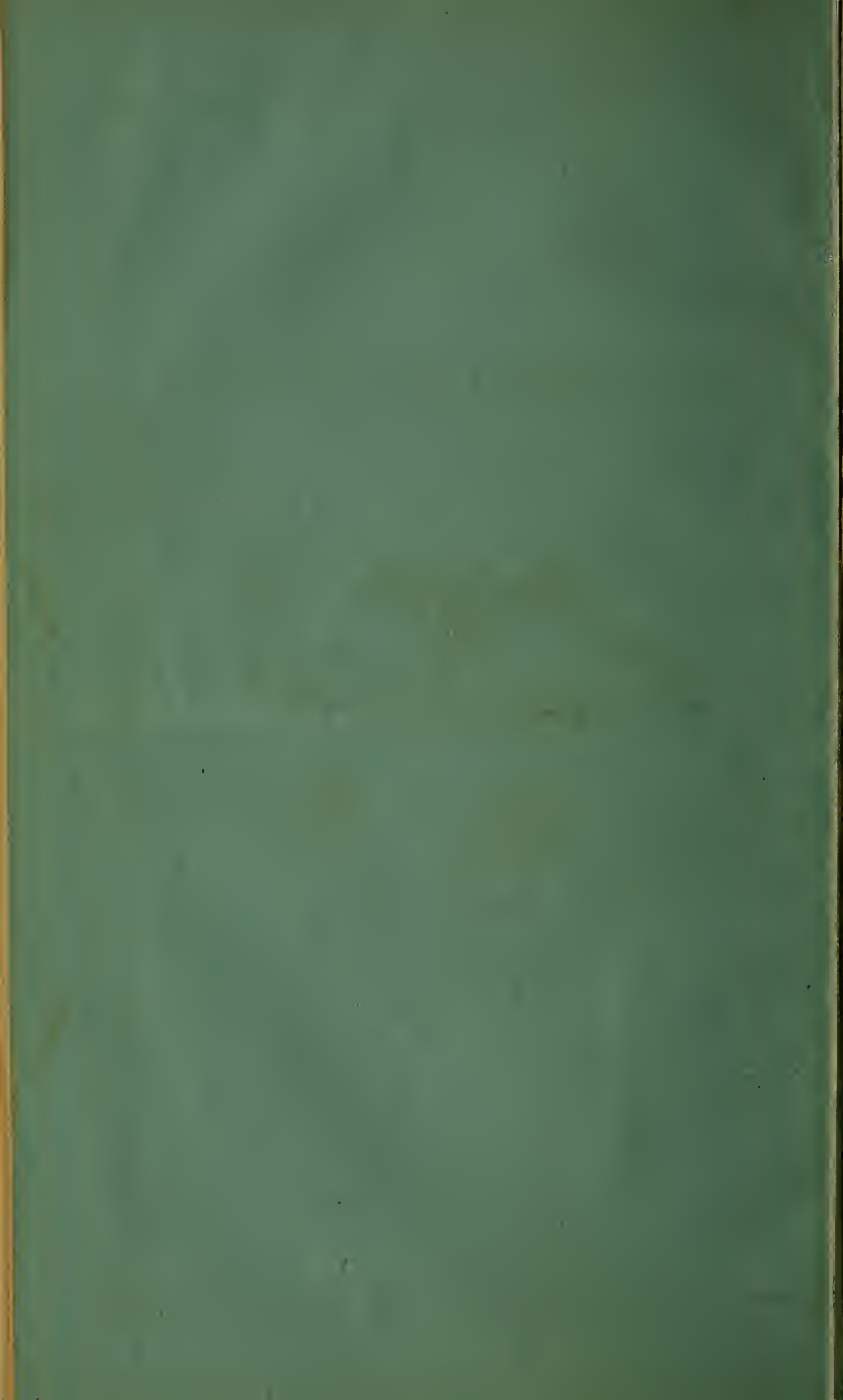
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ILLUSTRATED

Centennial



Poem.

Price, 25 Cts.



ILLUSTRATED
CENTENNIAL POEM,

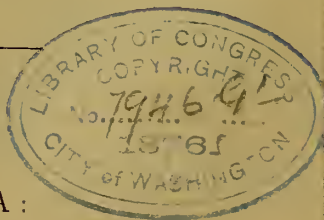


WRITTEN BY

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✓
R. L. MITCHELL.

PHILADELPHIA :

1876.



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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876,
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PREFACE.

We hail the Centennial Anniversary by presenting this little work to the public in a wave of enthusiasm for the growing pride of our Country, in a brief Poetical Review from the VILLAGE HAMDEN'S struggling against Kingly tyranny, while resisting the bloody persecution for conscience sake.

Anxious to contribute our mite from other ages in the great advancing truth, as an overflowing river bearing our gallant bark onward, all freighted, and held with Union ballast of our forefathers through the stormy deeps of a century.

Hoping that we may bury in the grave of forgetfulness all our lingering past and only remember the bright hopes of our destiny in leading the world from fields of strife to peaceful governments.

In commemoration of all our illustrious dead, and the blessings they won, we'll welcome a new life for the American Republic and dedicate our little Poem to forty million of people, who'll hallow the coming time with the onward march of a new century.



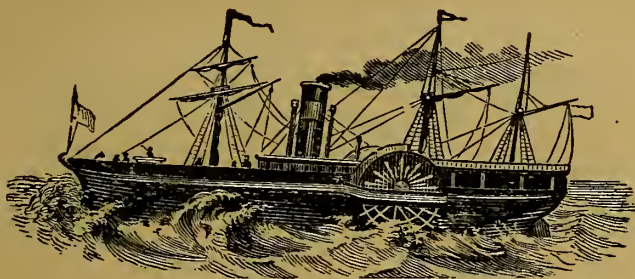
Centennial Poem.

Ere midnight's last hour the expiring century brings
The knell of rolling years to revolution dawn,
When allegiance was once left for Briton's King
In the new Republic's glorious morn.
From freedom's loved horizon to the camps battle'd din
Of noon or nightly tinted fields conquering through
Long years of hope joyfully ush'd in
By the fathers work o'er our grand review
Echoing there name as when first it flew.



In collonial hamlets and homes so now relume
Over kindled alter-fires built at Lexington,
Ending in domestic strife no more exumed
Round our loved shrine where all uniting come;
With foreign friends and trophies brought as we to them bring
The Nations Clarion note keyed in every band,
While the Army and Navy together sing
In joyfull anthems through our native land,
Moored as barks to the illuming strand.

Unfurling our banner with the hundredth Fourth that's come
As Eagles Wings wafting o'er Mountain, Vale, and Lea,
All gathering 'round Columbia's happy home
To fraternize in one grand jubilee.
On the blazing hearthstone of every patriot soul,
As when Columbus reached long expected shores,



To hail the land where followed and onward rolled
The waves of human tide in loudest roar
Breaking the far Pacific Islands o'er.

Even to earth's central line as we commemorate years
That's still ripening our forefathers sweetest dreams
For posterity as the New Century nears,
Their picture painted of National Scenes.
In emblems of Liberty cemented as wells wall'd
'Round dripping buckets rising 'neath a desert sun,
For loyal cups quenching our feverish calls
Through life's heating sands, while hour-glasses run
Nightly, as early morn when first begun.

The knighted heroes for the prize whose valor entwine
'Round there triumphant pathway in beauty flying
Through our advancing Empire to none resign,
In patriotism safe ballot relying.
With the priceless inheritance for us bravely won,
Handing down the unbroken will, our richest theme,
Vouchsafed and kept from all that's with them gone
To now resume or half forgotten dreams,
As stilly nights, 'till dawn's resounding teems.

With the long slumbering knell of Independence Hall,
Swelling with other notes beyond the setting sun,
The Revolution Bell told we're disenthroll'd

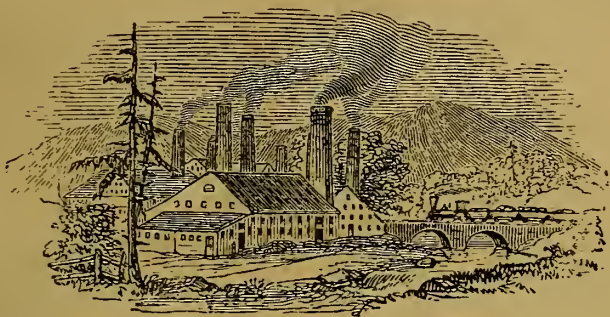


By the bequests once signed with Washington
As warranted recorded deeds that good title brings,
In America's Republic nor—sated be
With Centennial joys that makes the welkin ring,
For those who brightest live in History
That all mankind in Law may justice see

'Gainst Kingly rights persecuting from powerfull thrones
For new or advanced belief EVEN MARTYRS FLAMES,
While infant cries, midst Herod's lamenting moan,
Comes through crimson deeds in Palestines stains.
On down Rome's Arrenas tragic strife to England's Isle
And back o'er long benighted Ages to our time
Enlighten truths can never or rarely smile,
Save with prison, death, or in exiled lines
As Mayflower Pilgrims beyond the brine.

Fleeing from King Charles, whose gauntlet war whoops were riven
ON BEHEADING BLOCKS in the reign of tyranny,
To Plymouth shores, where tide and winds had driven
The peaceful numbers in their company.
Environ'd with a savage wilderness then ringing,
With foes as heathen darts 'gainst a Provident shield,
For unrealized hopes still o'er seas bringing
Through their Laws to new immigrating fields,
One 'wrong which they to a King would not yield.

Yet liberal light was breaking through fudal'd fettered bands,
From Pharo's darken'd time to Albions brighter shores,
And o'er Atlantic's flood for Canaan's land,
To worship in mannas plenteous store.

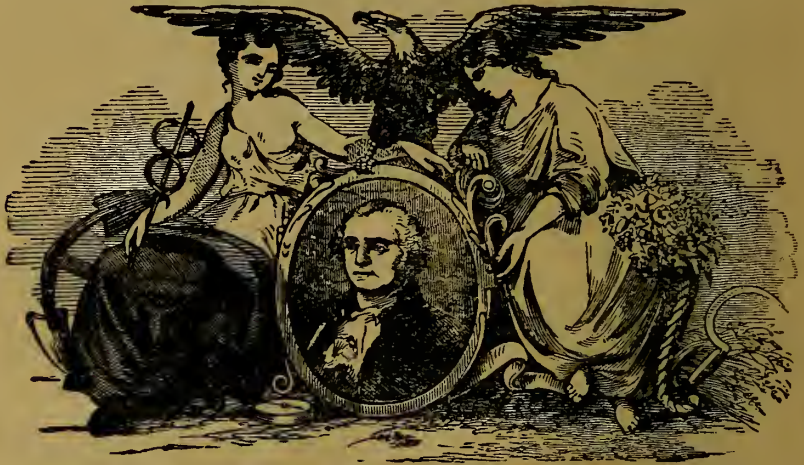


Morality and kindness did for them long impart,
Humanatarian rights that lingered around
The exiled lessons till trial years in part
Conquered true Religions favorite sound
That Paganism leads the world around.

Mislead by deluded witching themes, innocence here call'd,
From wicked death rolls as christian friends long had swell'd
In dark Moslem and Towered Monarch Halls,
For chafing neath a goading yoke that held
Through Bunyan's prison'd progress for free hopes of heaven,
With Hamden and Cromwell breaking the diadem,
That conscience freedom measur'd may be given
As taught on templ'd walls in Jerusalem,
For cruel Kings and Priests or plebians.

Erring in fanatic views that's brought a brighter morn,
Midst ignorance and superstition beating o'er
As breakers long after flooded decks are torn,
Through tempest's wiles around the wrecking shore,
Of Puritanic strife in early and later years,
Over wrongs now forgive, and virtues will partake,
As deepening channels neath old neglected streams,
While flowing smoothly on, still deeper make
Through hollow drift where willow Islands break.

As music o'er the sea, and harps melodeous ring,
 Or marriage belles, where welcome gifts and joys entwine,
 'Till grandsires smiles when sweet little cherubs bring
 In mothers fountain cup for Auld Lang Syne;
 So swelling bosoms feed the Nations lingering birth
 Of seventy-six, when on round the gazing world
 The first shot was heard that to arms called forth
 The spartan colonies with flag unfurled,
 And Stamp Acts backward o'er the water hurled.

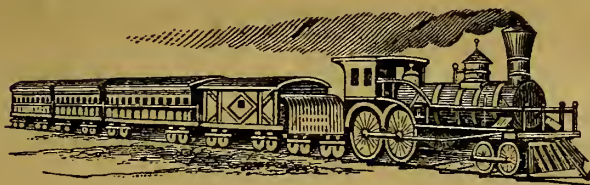


July, Fourth when trusted men the Declaration sealed
 Against parental tyranny, from George their King,
 Unless he could force them to a stubborn yield,
 Trusting what their cause might with justice bring,
 In revolting war that often builds and tramples thrones
 Over falling Kingdoms through conquests lost or made,
 As low grumbling earthquakes beneath trembling homes,
 Or lava o'er buried cities near decay'd
 So hopes might in oblivion be laid.

With avalanching misfortunes that follow and sink,
 Many starting before a rending storm or gale
 Has come, ere turning tide bitter cups to drink,
 With sunken bark lost wreck and dipping sail,
 As from the deeps breaking rock their beacon lighthouse sav'd
 All State Mariners from the strand who steady run
 With traversing compass, keel, and chart, they gave
 As fleet united when the Nation came
 Together, convoyed in states, as t'wer one.

In the young Republic, when the Country first began,
To three times the number in our large dominion,
While Territories, the rich Continent span
For coming stars in the Flag of Union
Whose waveing folds with the brightness of Australitz sun
Is flying as meteors over landed space
With strength in numbers as Fathers well begun,
Unwasted in war, by maping new States
Or innning lines on unrotating slates.

While money or glories rage, for power corruption tends,
As often 'gainst poor forest red men of the west,
Since Penn's honest kindness as just Quaker Friends
In unbroken Treaty with savage breasts,
So the Mayflower, casting bread o'er watery fields,
Ripening through the earth as seeds the golden grain,
In growing progress of our first hundred yield.



Still marching on in peaceful reign
For Island tribes beyond western plains.

T'was the Pilgrims, for children's children firmly planted
'Gainst delug'd floods of ages, their PRINCIPLE, tree
As the forest spreading with evergreen branches
Through cedar winters of adversity,
No less the chilvaric Hugenotts and Lafayette,
With southern toils in the long Revolution War,
Where mother's love for all is lingering yet
Around the hallowed name they always wore'd
Fragrant as sunny lands well blossom o'er.

From Deltas Jetties flow to cold Canadian's chart,
 East, West, all around the long and deep Mississippi
 To where the Worthy Pilgrims made good their start
 For this Republic, and founding Cities,
 Where our statesmen Oakes from humble life may upward come,
 And SENATES springing (acorn gems) from lowly beds,
 So leading men of our Nation's life have sprung
 On Ship of State as oaken timbers led
 With builders, till our strong hull hath well spread,
 To Afric's darken'd Nile or frozen zones, as missions run,
 Half lighted lands hail emblems of America,
 Where all may now reap their ripen'd harvest sown
 From growing Public Schools so large and free;
 A principle on which our superstructure is built,
 For Freeman's Government as width the AMAZON
 To Rivers filling Gulfs in broad Oceans spilt,
 From narrow shores as Kingdom's overhung
 In pressing WRONGS as banks of't overstrung.
 So build Columbia's safe towering DOME, free in thought,
 Where peaceful arbitration will in triumph wing
 For all that war has ever with any brought
 To what for all the world t'will ever bring,
 If we but shun the fate of ambitions early grave,
 As Washington in other days foretold to us.
 Let none to long the inviting Sceptre wave



Though liberties fair Goddess may be just
 To measure meet, as we, to her entrust

And never kindle camp-fires for Monarchs trembling thrones,
As History dearly tells in deep crimson tide,
Where conquerors come o'er hostile human bones
Like sweeping glaziers the steep mountain side.
May patriotism long keep office rotating theme,
With liberal banners waving in the trading breeze,
And Sailors Shunning Cape Horn 'ere long will steam
The Isthmus neck, between great rolling seas,
From China and Japan with Rice and Teas.

From Commerce and Industry our great resources come,
In thriving mills and looms on every streaming side,
Swelling products from the Hamlets busy hum



Round inland shores where steamers ever glide;
Tied with Telegraph and Railroad to Pacific strand,
Where rich mineral wealth lies in plentious store,
From Puget Sound to the bounding Rio Grande,
'Till forge and mints refine the treasur'd ore
From earths bosom hidden, still feeding more.

As grain and cotton in our well varied storehous'd clime,
With exporting and freighting ships for distant seas,
Returning millions who'll other crown resign
For prairie scenes with homestead lands that's free,
All springing in Western Eden with summers best yield
For plough boy and shepherd with flocks lowing lute
As young lovers dreaming o'er lifes fairie fields.
Neath blossom of orange and grafted fruit.
With maidens as sweet as viol and flute

Round the harvest home ripen'd by the meadow-fring'd stream,
 As the verdure of our nations official call,
 In friendship asking the world to over steam,
 The distant seas to our industrious halls.
 From Europe, India, and Asiatic waters wide,
 With our sister Republic far and near will bring,
 'Till we outrival showing the other side,
 In useful, foreign, and domestic things,
 From the lathe or hammer's anvil'd ring.
 As busy fabric work, flying wheels, and engines neat,
 For all kinds of goods on our large and small machines,
 With the power that once lay at Fulton's feet,
 When imprison'd the winding Hudson steam'd.
 O'er electric light when Morse and Franklin flew the deep,
 In conversing cables that tie the olden world;
 Through coral fields, pearls, and shells where fishes sleep,
 'Neath waves as sunken wrecks in pieces roll,
 Beyond the diver's look for lost or gold.
 With American Reapers o'er yellow harvest fields,
 Through the agricultural world in Summer gleau:



While the ladies' dressing garments ever yield,
 To the Welcome Family Sewing Machine;
 As the morning and evening papers now daily come,
 With home and foreign news flying the printing press,
 Column after column your leisure hours throng,
 From many writers of the east and west,
 Who'll tell you what to see and where to rest.

In dreamy visions through mental Telephones forever strung,
On affection wires from the little one's cradl'd sleep.
While signals, or storm cloud, near or overhung.
Only bend rainbows in slumbers deep,
Where stars on the exhibition sea of life reveal
Round dim dials of ages; as turning hands glide,
O'er gifted artist, and sculptor, who unveil,
In scholastic's science and mechanic's pride,
That with our genius ever-onward ride.

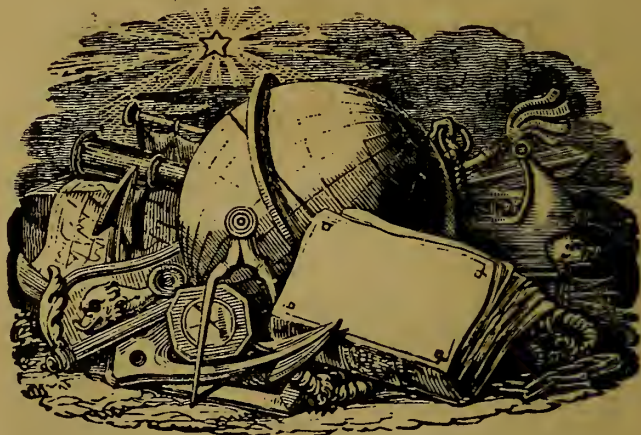
In rival greeting, alternately wher'er you go;
Not half can we in pencil ever, ever tell,
While ladies' work, and tables overflow
In sweetness with those who have done so well.
Enwrap'd with smile, and flowers; as in lengthening vales,
Along beatic scenes, lingering to embrace;
As lovers romantic sighing, o'er ghastly tales,
Of wasted years in blend'd colors trac'd,
On memories fresco'd walls, uneffac'd.

We can't picture with Byron, on the historic Rhine,
In ancient castles, parks, and hilly landscapes blest,
Or lakes and rivers, to Niagara sublime,
As entertainment for our many guests.
When filling fine large buildings, perhaps as other's fall,



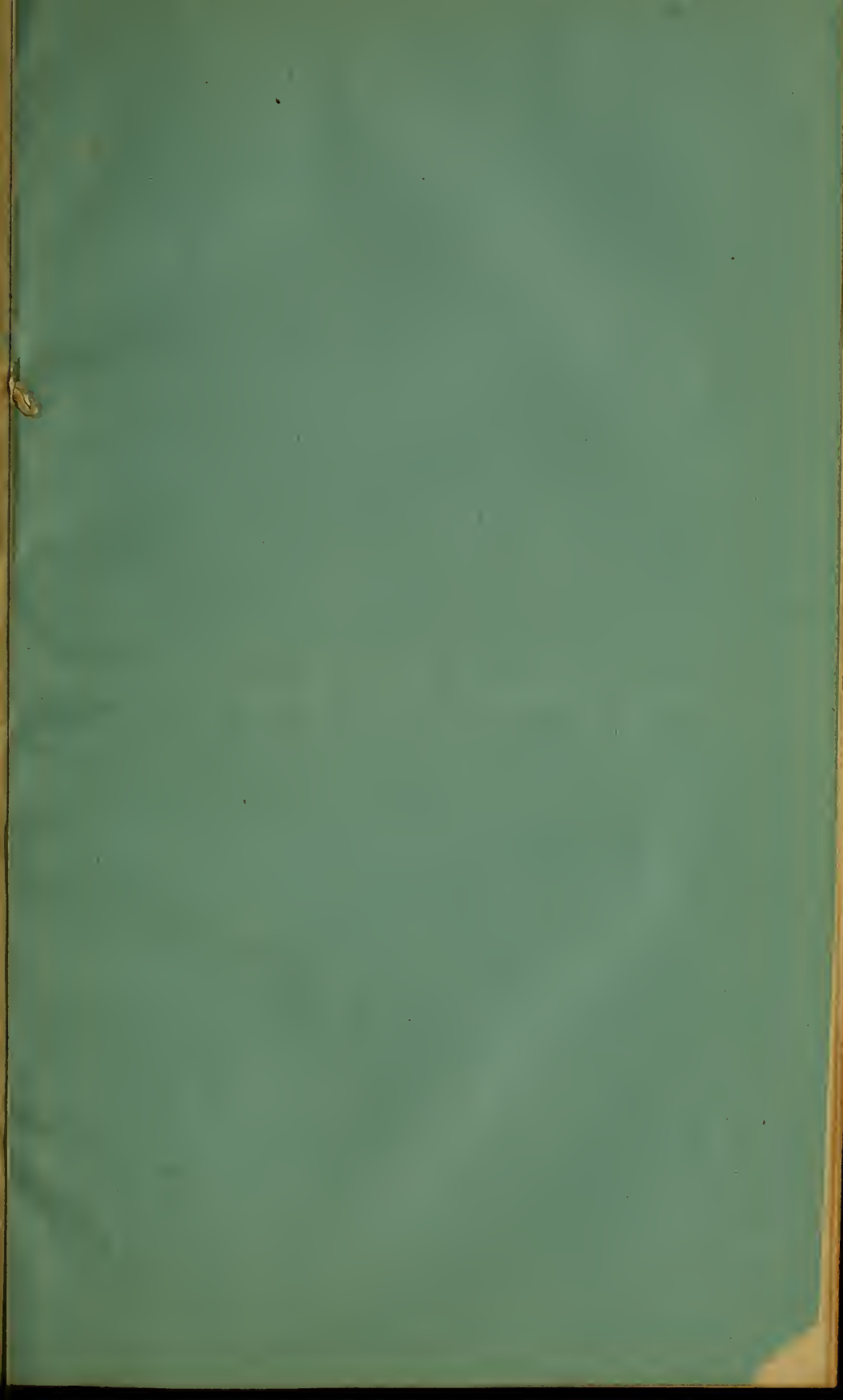
A rich prey to those who will long new trophies keep,
Save Memorial and Horticultural halls,
With varied tropic plants, and paintings neat,
That all along your floral pathway greet.

Well buoy'd o're great ancestral hopes we'll celebrate,
 In willing toils that come, as sweet as evening rest;
 With mementoes and relics of years gone by,
 Swelling billows in the patriot's breasts.
 From Polar scenes to evergreen Summer's palm and vine,
 The Bi-Centennial progressive peaceful reign,
 Will be handed down in long begotten lines,
 To coming millions o'er our wide domain,
 Through ripening years, as Spring's refreshing rain.
 In the far-off future, oh, who, who can ever tell.
 Only for sleeping the valley, with darken'd vales;
 While strides of other ages may come as well,
 As with the anniversary we now hail;
 Even "Mohamed Mecca" Pagans, who kneel 'neath hands,
 For priestly promis'd crowns in celestial climes.
 Will follow mankind for free unfetter'd lands,
 Hailing the onward march with coming time,
 As the myrtle and cypress our name entwine.



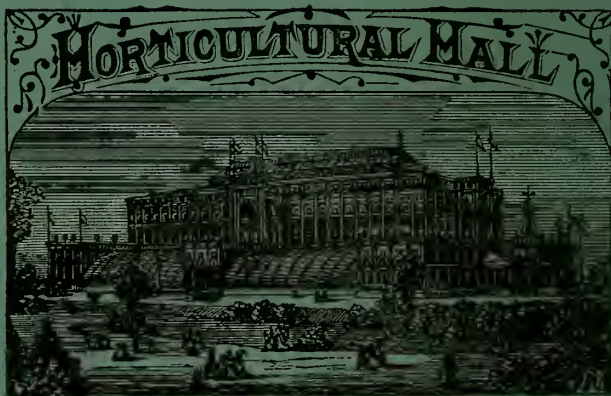
From the great honor'd statesmen of Independence Hall,
 As Patrick Henry said, their children would well keep,
 When they were in "narrow cells forever laid"
 In heroic rest; as the Pilgrim's sleep
 On memory's chords vibrating round fame's mountain high,
 In many gifted tokens with the cemetery,
 While passing beyond the long, long by-and-by,
 As the requiem of a century,
 To come again with our Republic free.





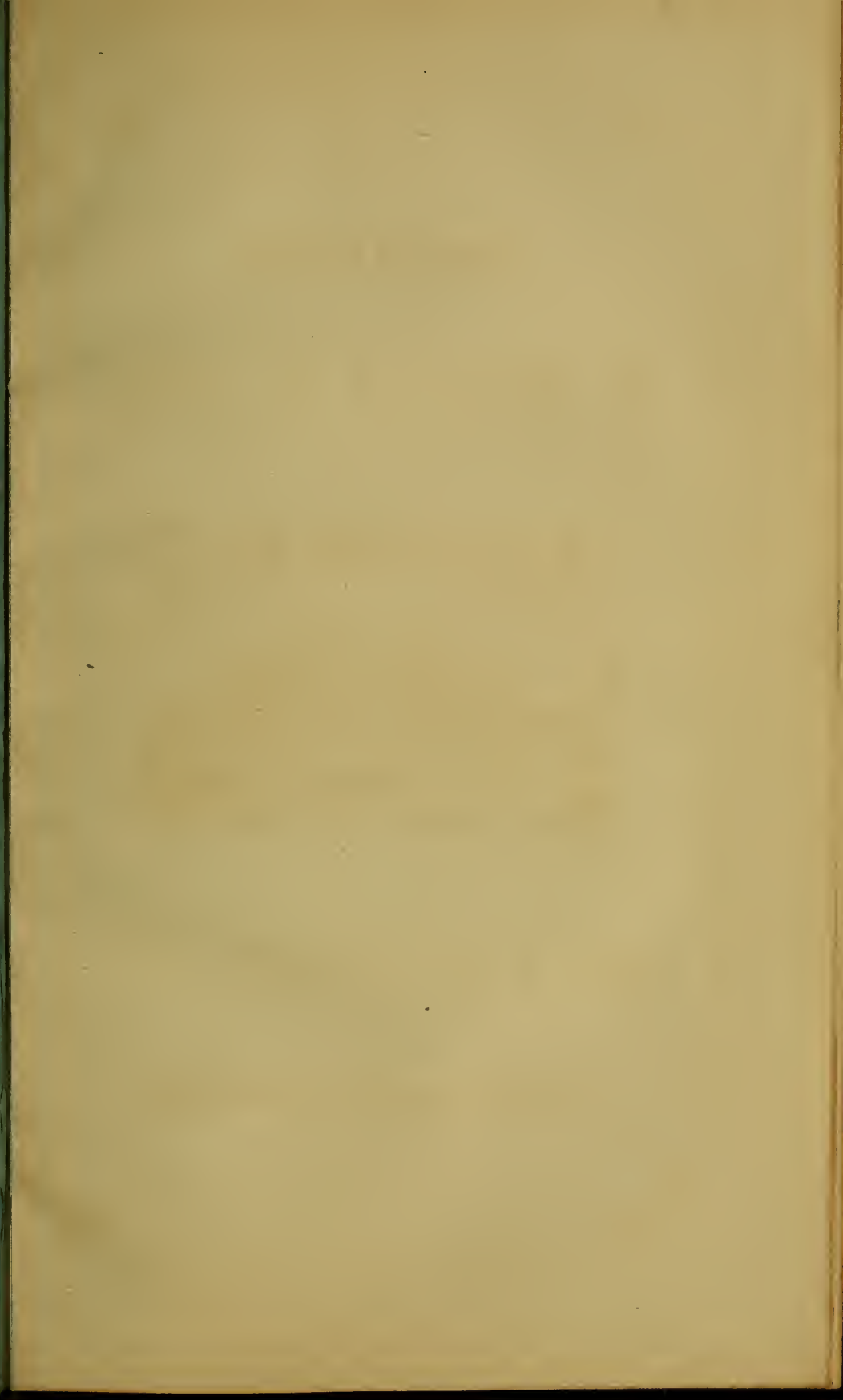
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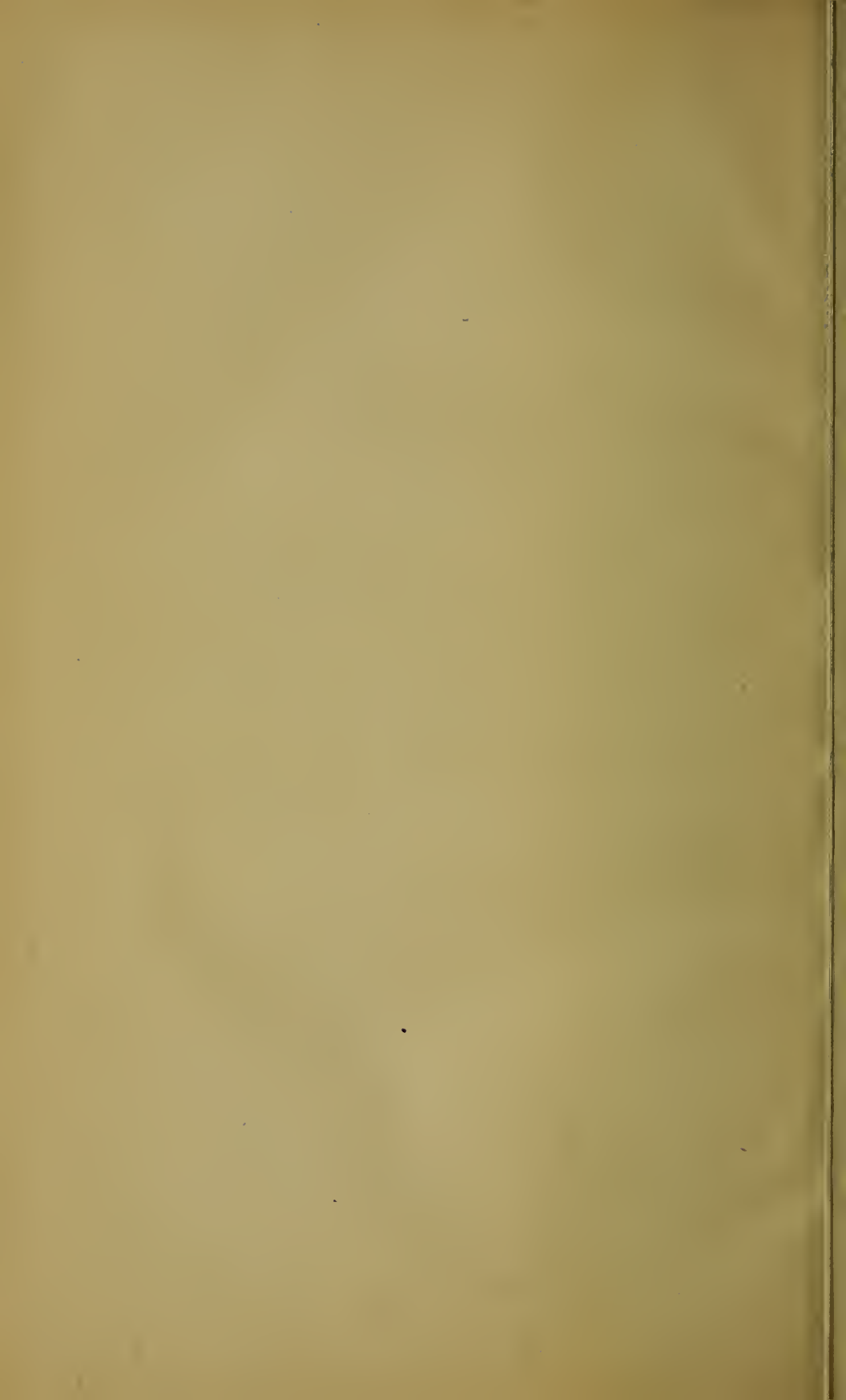
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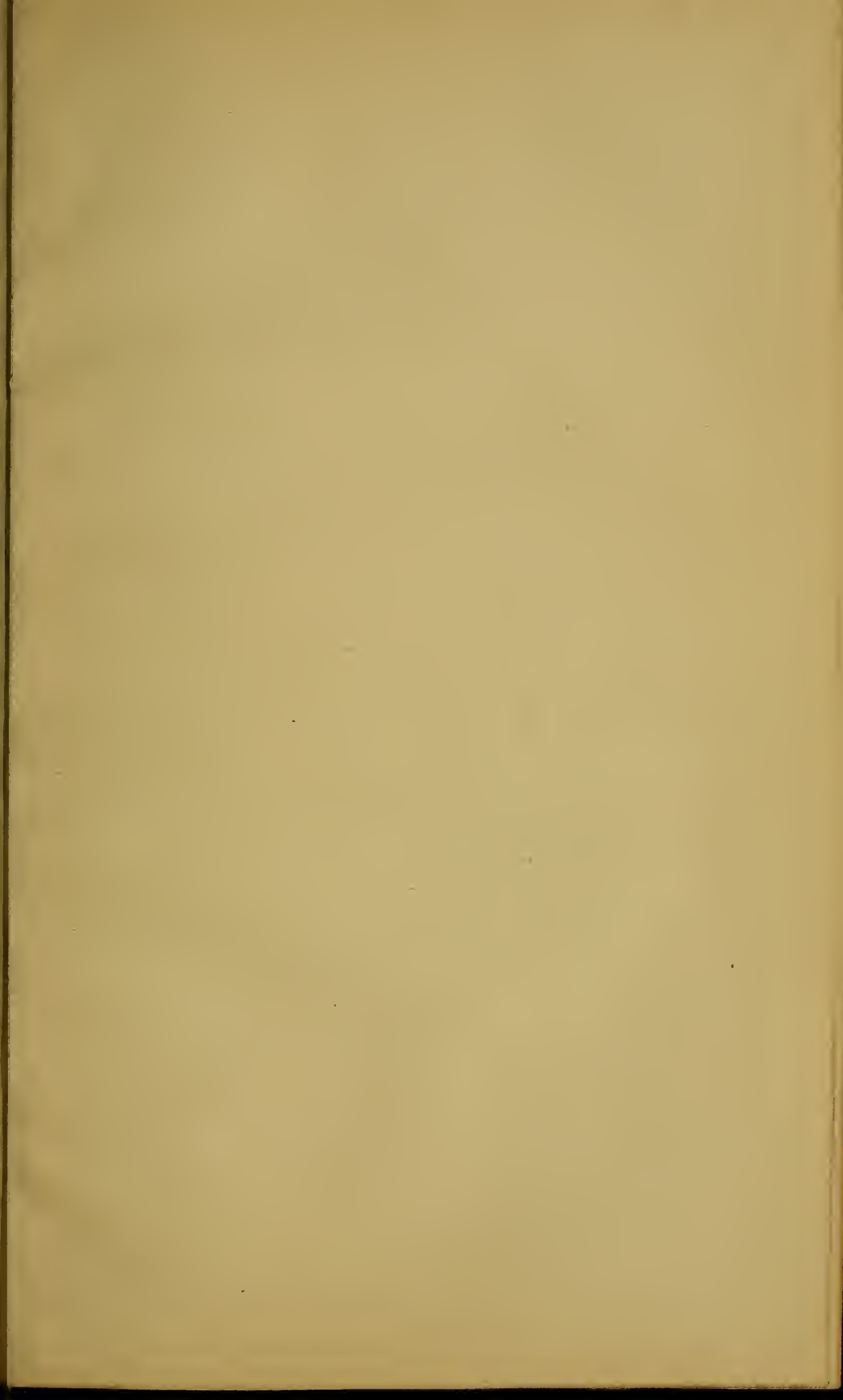


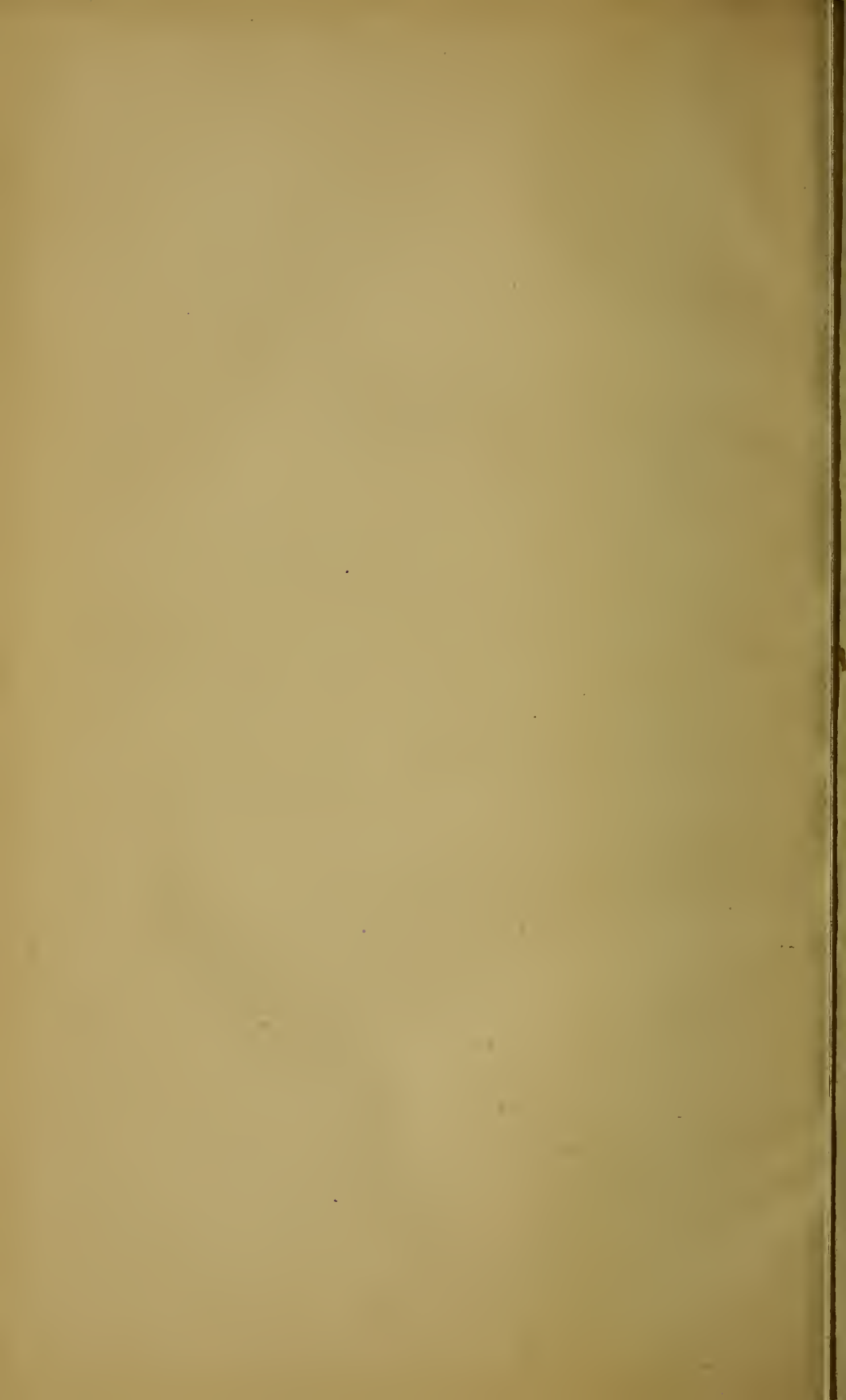
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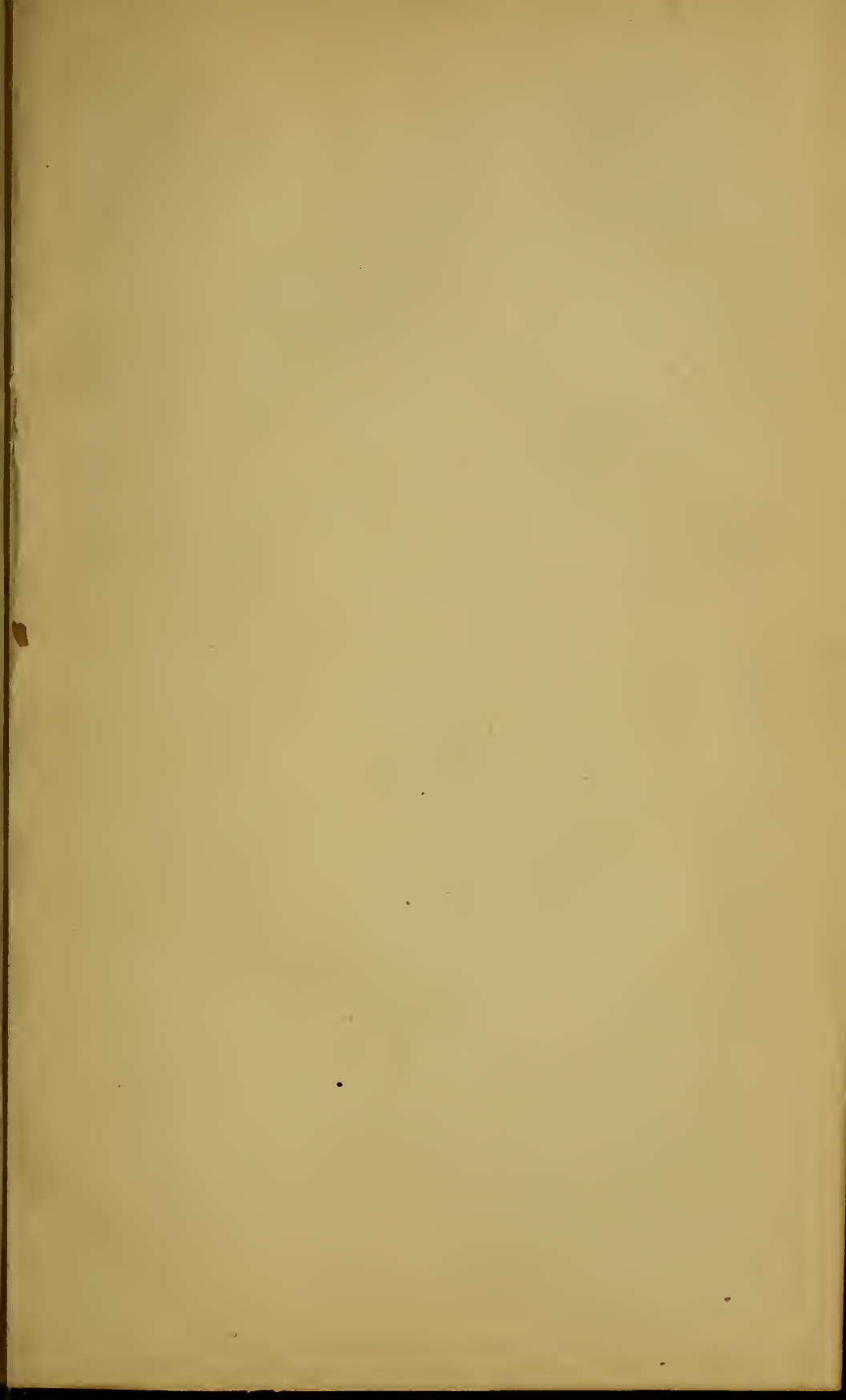
And Stationers generally.

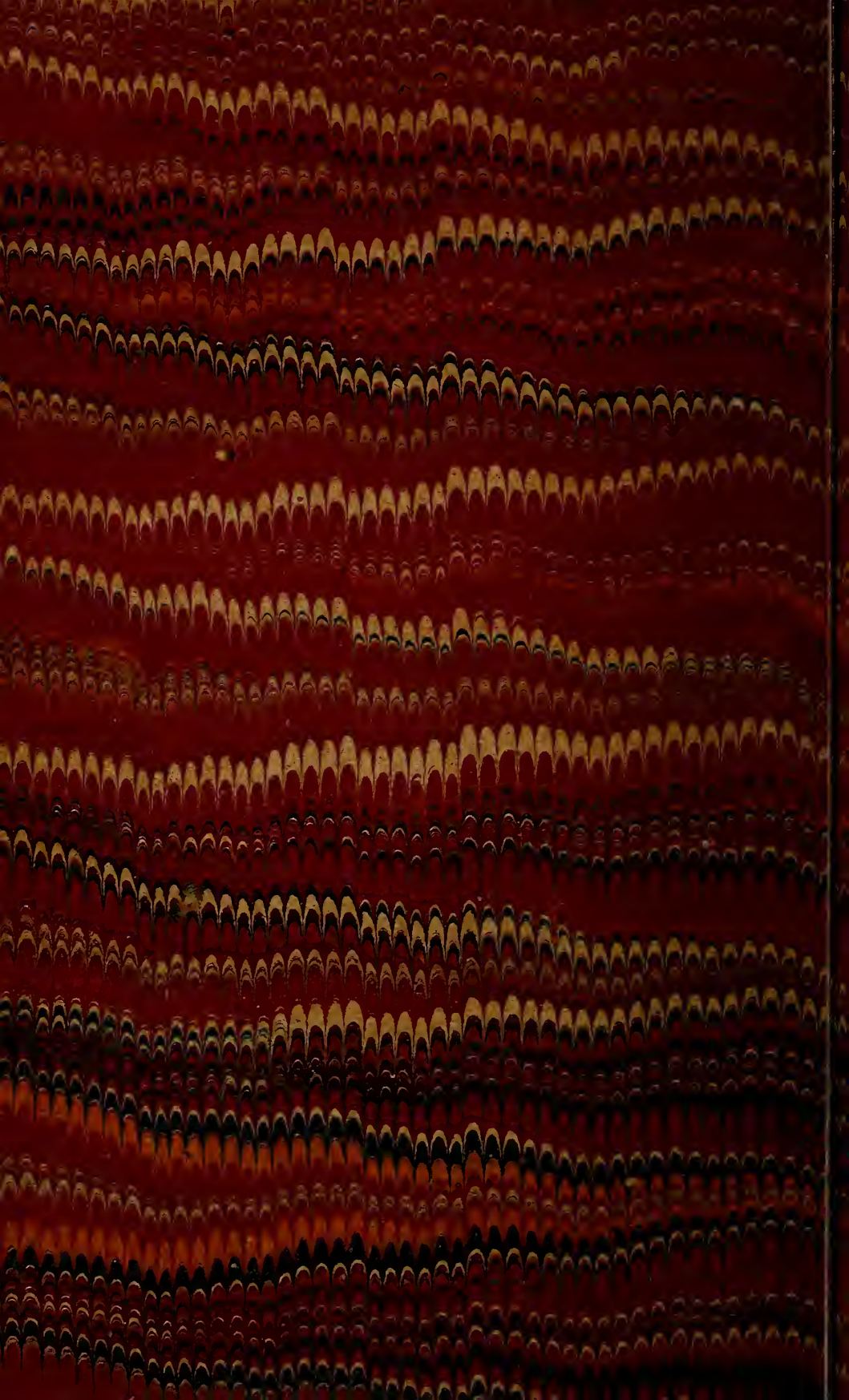


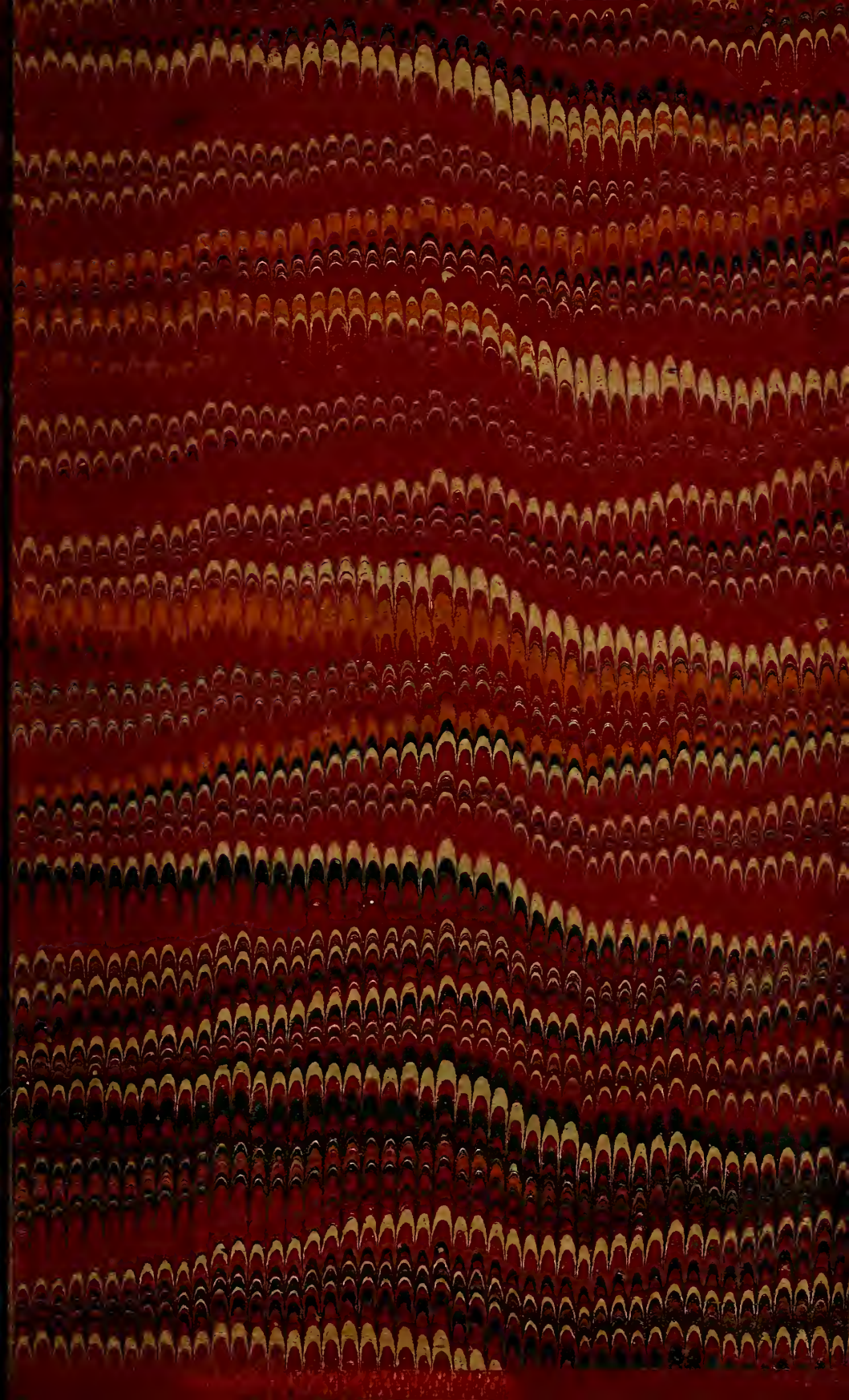












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